Makes ſpeed to catch the Tygre. Bootleſſe ſpeede,
When cowardiſe purſues, and valor flyes.
Demet. I will not ſtay thy queſtions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, do not beleeue,
But I ſhall do thee miſchiefe in the wood.
Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
You do me miſchiefe. Fye *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandall on my ſex:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may do;
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
Ile follow thee and make a heauen of hell,
To dye vpon the hand I loue ſo well. *Exit.*
Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leaue this groue,
Thou ſhalt flye him, and he ſhall ſeeke thy loue.
Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.
Ob. I pray thee giue it me.
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxſlips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouercanoped with luſhious woodbine,
With ſweete muske roſes, and with Eglantine;
There ſleepes *Tytania*, ſometime of the night,
Luld in theſe flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the ſnake throwes her enammeld skinne,
Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.
And with the iuyce of this, Ile ſtreake her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeeke through this groue;
A ſweete *Athenian* Lady is in loue
With a diſdainefull youth: annoint his eyes,
But do it when the next thing he eſpies,
May be the Lady. Thou ſhalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on,
Effect it vvith ſome care, that he may prooue

More

More fond on her, then ſhe
And looke thou meete me e
Pu. Feare not my Lord, you
Enter Queene of Fa
Queen. Come, now a Ro
Then for the third part of a
Some to kill cankers in the
Some warre with Reremiſe
To make my ſmall Elues co
The clamorous Owle, that
At our queint ſpirits: Sing
Then to your offices, and le
Fairi
You ſpotted ſnakes with
Thorny Hedgehogges be
Newts and blinde worm
Come not neere our Fair
Philomele with melody,
Sing in our ſweett Lullab
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla
Neuer harme, nor ſpell,
Come our louely Lady n
So good nig ht with Lull
1. *Fairy. Weauing S*
Hence you long legd Spi
Beetles blacke approch
Worme nor Snayle do n
Philomele with melody,
2. *Fai. Hence away,*
One aloofe, ſtand Centi
En
Ob. What thou ſeeſt wh
Do it for thy thy true loue
Loue and languiſh for his
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or B